AN

ESSAY

ON

WOMAN.

Printed by Thomas Davison, Whitefriars.

BRITISH MUSEUM

1 A 2 2 E

AN

ESSAY

ON

WOMAN,

A

POEM.

To raiſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
And ſweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity, and praiſe.

THOMSON.

DUBLIN:

Printed for JOHN COLLES, Bookſeller, No. 65, in Dame-ſtreet.

MDCCLXXV.

Ch

P

Wo
(No
Sad
Bow
In v
Dea
In v
Rep
Lon
Prof
Of
Not

D
To
How
Play

A A S E

M A M O W

M H O P

BRITISH MUSEUM

D R U R I N:

Printed for John Cotton, Duck-lane, 1700.

May my ſong ſoften, as thy Daughters I,
BRITTANNIA, *hail! for beauty is their own,*
The feeling heart, ſimplicity of life,
And elegance, and taſte: ——

THOMSON'S Seaſ.

PEACE to the good old man — bleſt be his ſhade,
And light the turf upon his boſom laid,
Worthy ANSELMO! — whom the book of woe
(Not read in vain) had taught himſelf to know:
Sad was his travel through this vale of tears;
Bowed down with injuries, much more than years:
In vain his charitable hand ran o'er,
Dealing large bleſſings from a little ſtore;
In vain he ſtooped to ſhare another's grief,
Repaid with inſult for his kind relief:
Long left of all — falſe foes, and falſer friends,
Profuſe of ſervice, but for ſelfiſh ends;
Of ſhadowy hope, ſubſtantial fear bereft;
Nothing but conſcience and CALISTA left.

Divine CALISTA heaven in pity gave
To ſmooth his paſſage to the ſilent grave:
How ſweet thoſe moments, when the infant maid
Played round his knees, and prattled as ſhe played!

Sweet were thoſe moments, when her filial hand
With pious care life's dying taper fanned;
Soft his laſt ſigh, when all his troubles o'er,
The good ANSELMO bowed, and ſighed no more.

Hail, matchleſs maid! — can earth afford a ſight,
Which gives to men and angels more delight;
More grateful to the God of heaven, whoſe eye
Views all his works with kind complacency?
Is there a ſight more amiable on earth
Than ſuch exalted proof of female worth?
Yes, one there may be — find it they who can,
(As yet unfound) a faultleſs finiſhed man.

'Tis not enough to breathe the vital air,
To boaſt of gifts, which brutes in common ſhare;
Eat, drink and ſleep, to propagate our race,
And differ only in an upright face;
With ſouls ſupinely poring on the ground,
To walk through life one dull inſipid round;
Look through creation with regardleſs eye,
Nor catch one feature of the deity.

Man with the principles of life received
(Winnowed by time, if truth may be believed)
A ſoul for action, prompted by a will,
That learnt from reaſon's lore both good and ill:
Yet, far from good, by folly blindly led,
He graſped at ſhadows, while the ſubſtance fled;

To

To conſcience deaf, creation's awful voice,
He groſsly err'd — for error was his choice.

Still highly bleſt (their proper taſk aſſigned)
With nobleſt gifts of body and of mind,
Man, thankleſs man, ingratitude's worſt ſlave,
Receives, enjoys, then ſpurns the hand that gave.

Oh, curſt ingratitude! beneath thy name
A legion of infernal ſpirits came,
In league with ſatan, tutored at his nod
To ſet weak man at variance with his God:
That tongue, which ſhould proclaim his maker's praiſe,
Bids proud defiance, and contempt diſplays:
That hand which ſhould the grateful theme prolong,
Pens againſt heaven a ſatire or a ſong;
Mocks at his bleſſings, cenſures moſt the beſt;
Makes love a proverb, woman a worn jeſt.

Too long, ungenerous humour, much too long
Hath woman been the burden of thy ſong;
Her every beauty blaſted with a touch;
Her failings fancied high, and faſhioned ſuch;
Her charms all ſhadow, and confined to form;
Her ſoul all paſſion, paſſions all a ſtorm;
Fond thro' caprice, and but for moments pleaſed,
Provoked, a fiend for ages unappeaſed: ——
Unworthy picture! ſuch as truth diſdains;
Such as each hand, that draws it, juſtly ſtains.

When bold detraction points the piercing rhymes,
Deer ſounds the lyre, and jars to after times;
While praiſe is whiſpered in a ſtill ſoft note,
Scarce heard to day, to morrow clean forgot.

In theſe high-pampered days, when bold divorce
Mocks the plain matron wedlock, and her courſe
Maintains in honour's and in pride's deſpite,
Or only proud to do the deeds of night
In day's broad glare; — lays her laſcivious head
On rank adultery's lap, and looks ſhame dead.

In theſe high-pampered days, when ſickly taſte
Loathes wit's delicious banquet, though 'tis graced
By elegance' own hand, nor deigns to eat,
If ſimple truth ſerve up the unſavoury treat;
A nicer cook ſhe aſks, on proſe or rhymes
Who largely throws the *Cayenne* of the times:
Her palate aſks the ſtrong, the poignant zeſt
Of defamation; *——* hits it beſt:
Falſhood directs the feaſt, while libel carves:
And both grow fat, while poor encomium ſtarves.
POPE had been damned, — been blaſted CHURCHILL's bays,
Had CHURCHILL bent his ſtubborn hand to praiſe;
Had they forſaken ſatire's rapid theme,
To float on panegyrick's gentle ſtream.
"Periſh the pen, and bliſtered be the tongue,
On which aſperſion of the fair is hung!

Too

Too much they ſmart from each falſe witty friend,
Who ſtabs that ſoftneſs, honour bids defend:
Bleſt, might I conſecrate, to candour true,
One manly lay to female merit due;
No more ſhould fell detraction pour her ſpleen
To ruffle modeſty's engaging mein;
To force the tear from beauty's penſive eye,
And blaſt the virgin-roſe with calumny:
No longer ſhould, on ſlander's blackeſt plan,
Eſſays on woman fling diſgrace on man."

Far hence be envy, and her hateful train,
From other's happineſs deriving pain!
Hence far hypocriſy, with hand and eye
Turned up in pious inſult to the ſky!
Nor thou, baſe flattery, mar theſe honeſt lays;
Then wounding moſt, when moſt thou meanſt to praiſe:
Truth guide my hand — on candour's upright plan
To juſtify a woman's ways to man.

My theme is woman — ſmile ye Britiſh fair,
And hear (not hir'd to pray) a parſon's prayer;
" If e'er I wronged, or ever ſought to wrong
" Your lovely ſex, if e'er my hand or tongue
" Rebellious to my heart, pauſed to fulfil
" (Oh, were the power but equal to the will!)
" Your dear beheſts, if e'er my ſoul untrue
" And falſe to nature, became falſe to you;

" Blind

" Blind to your merit, if your errors viewed,
" I held them forth in blazoned magnitude;
" If I not ſaw them with a partial eye
" Dwindle to foibles, and then paſſed them by,
" May woman ſcorn me; may I baniſhed live
" Unknown, unfelt thoſe joys her ſmiles can give:
" Yes, may my wife — (nay, ſtart not Critick!) grind
" To the firſt knave, that aims to taint her mind;
" That honeſt mind, where I delighted ſee,
" What the beſt are, what all ſhould aim to be."

My theme is woman — not let malice deem,
That ſneaking intereſt pointed out the theme:
No, my eye ſaw, my heart partook their wrong,
And bade my hand eſſay the generous ſong.

Gods! I had rather win that honeſt fame,
Which bleeding virtue's advocate may claim;
Shield her fair form from ſlander's ſidelong blow,
And teach one rebel-rake her worth to know;
Than clad in ſatire's terrors, ſee a throng
Of knaves and blockheads tremble at my ſong;
With abject eye await the impending ſtroke,
And court that hand their folly did provoke:
Great tho' the joy, yet greater to defend
The injured, and be female merit's friend.

Woman's my theme — nor let miſpriſion think
If all unequal to the taſk I ſink,

The

The ſubject, as the bard, alike to blame;
Their's be the triumph, mine be all the ſhame.

Woman I ſing — without whoſe faithful aid
Life were a blank, and all its joys a ſhade;
Heaven's laſt beſt gift — Man, deſtitute of this,
Wandered forlorn, and ſighed in ſcenes of bliſs:
Call her not ſource of woe, fair fount of ſhame,
Nor worth unweighed, her ſlighteſt errors blame;
If man's prime curſe aroſe from woman's ſin,
Remember, 'twas the devil drew her in;
Strong as thou art, thy ſtrength had Satan tried,
His guile had triumphed o'er thy reaſon's pride:
When man's defects diſhonour manhood's name,
Shall we in woman imperfection blame?
Say ſhe is weak — that weakneſs is our pride,
It calls our guardian manhood to her ſide:
Caprice unknown, and undebauched by whim,
When affectation mars not one fine limb,
Mars not one feature — when pathetick grace
Springs from the ſoul, and animates the face,
Fear then is delicacy, ſoftneſs ſenſe;
And weakneſs is her ſtrongeſt beſt defence.

Tho' ſome have erred, and others ſtill may err,
Yet let not ſhallow prejudice aver,
That none have merit — let not cenſure fall,
Becauſe a few are faulty, on them all:

Show

Show me one woman falſe, I'll ſhow you ten
More falſe, more faulty, more abandoned men.

Scandal may ſay (for once perhaps ſay true)
Vice hath her female votaries not a few;
May point out Lady FRANCES, Lady PEN,
Almoſt as vicious as their own good Men:
I grant you this, and bluſh to think they are;
Yet among theſe, the inſtances are rare,
When from the ſpouſe the error don't take riſe,
Tho' what in him be ſport, in her is vice.

My Lord's ſole buſineſs is to game and whore;
Why from his Lady then expect much more?
Not with her perſon, but her purſe-ſtrings caught,
With love's engaging language he ne'er ſought,
With ſenſe, on ſenſibility refined,
To touch the ſoftneſs of his Lady's mind:
Her maiden treaſure, as her maiden dower,
Poſſeſſed, laid waſte, forgotten in an hour.

A huſband's baſeneſs, brutal and unkind,
Preys on the fond affectioned female mind;
The pang, that injured delicacy feels,
Confirms the tyrant, and his heart new ſteels;
The tear, that flows from beauty's penſive eye,
Inſtead of pity moves his mockery.

It's true, the callous GLITORIS again
Long verſed, long hackneyed in the ways of men,
Has no ſuch failings, no ſuch fainting qualms;
She reaſons well, and well her paſſion calms:
" Of vows, of horns, nor mindful, nor afraid,
" Let my Lord frolick with my chambermaid;
" I'll take his footman, in good humour be,
" And frolick full as pleaſantly as he."

For one, like this, what numbers vainly moan
Through ſenſibility, too much their own.
Unhappy PHILOMEDE, whoſe young mind
Ne'er had a thought, but ſuch as taſte refined;
On whoſe fair form, ſo delicate her ſenſe,
Zephyr might ſcarcely breathe without offence;
In ſome weak hour, all laviſh of her charms,
Gave them a prey to *Juſtice* MIDAS' arms:
MIDAS, nor let my hand refuſe to draw
Vice fed by age, and injury by law;
In form a CALIBAN, in all beſide
A compound ſtrange of dirtineſs and pride;
His taſte and breeding, juſt enough to ſhow
Scorn for good manners, and to damn a beau;
His learning, brother-dunces to deride,
And make dull ſelf ridiculous by pride;
His maxim, that the rich do always right;
Mammon his God, his goſpel, appetite:

In publick, every ſinner's to be curſt,
In private, to ſin deeper than the worſt:
" Clap drunkards in the ſtocks, let whoredom too
" By fines and penance all his guilt undo;
" Flog thoſe young ſtrumpets well, or ſtay, — d'ye ſee,
" Bring me that modeſt-looking girl at three;
" I'd fain do ſomething for her, tell the wench,
" She muſt be all ſubmiſſion to the bench."
MIDAS, with reverence to his worſhip's coat,
By ſomewhat led, which ſtimulates the goat,
Held hapleſs PHILOMEDE four long years
In fruitleſs ſighs, and penitential tears;
Four years his brutal luſt the ruffian fed,
Then kindly baniſhed from his beaſtly bed;
Yet, ruffian-like, purſued with helliſh hate
And ſlander, falſe as hell, his baniſhed mate.

In friendſhip's whiteſt maſk, and holieſt mien,
(Uſeful in ſuch a holy work I ween)
CALVIN, the pious CALVIN for evil ends
Seduced from virtue, and her virtuous friends,
Poor AMARYLLIS; that unpractiſed maid
Too innocent to doubt, too ſoon betrayed,
Loving believed, believing was undone:
What could ſhe do? Ah, what would you have done!
Her friends unkind, her lover faithleſs found,
The world leſs apt to pity than to wound;
To law ſhe flew — law made the fair a bride,
And gave that juſtice, CALVIN's heart denied;

But

But gave not peace — no more ſhe jocund plays
The AMARYLLIS of her former days:
Can lambkins play beneath the butcher's knife?
Can AMARYLLIS ſmile when CALVIN's wife?
Alas, how changed! nor months, nor years remove
The piercing pang of injured hopeleſs love;
Like ſome fair flower, beneath inclement ſkies,
Loſt on the deſert air, her perfume dies.

Learn hence, ye fair, to ſhun a guilty flame,
Nor wed a monſter to ſecure your fame;
Rather to deſerts fly — (let rocks and ſtones
Witneſs your griefs, and echo back your groans,)
Than live with brutal tyranny a ſlave:
Old time ſhall heal the wounds, young treachery gave.

Sir FOPPLING FLUTTER, briſk and debonair,
Has too much ſpirit to admire the fair;
Each bluſhing innocent, each ſprightly fool
Smarts the ſad ſubject of his ridicule;
His flippant tongue with petty inſolence
Criticks their figures, and arraigns their ſenſe:
Unhurt by beauty, and ſecure from wit,
FLUTTER was born to vanquiſh, not ſubmit.

Surly IAGO, formed of ſuch coarſe clay,
As nature in diſguſt had thrown away;
Hates the whole ſex, aſſumes the critick's tone;
Damps all their follies, and diſplays his own.

The

The lovely maid, whom nature's fineſt touch
Adorned ſo highly, more had been too much;
Whoſe mind all artleſs, all devoid of guile,
Laughs in each feature, ſparkles in each ſmile;
She too, whoſe beauty beams a milder ray,
Whoſe penſive ſweetneſs ſteals the ſoul away;
She, whoſe attractions, while they ſeem to ſhun,
Secure thoſe conqueſts that her beauty won;
Whoſe bluſhes breathe that ſpeechleſs eloquence,
Which gives to force of charms the charm of ſenſe;
Muſt fall a martyr to his ſlanderous tongue,
"Never did right"—who never yet did wrong:
"Pſhaw! 'tis mere artifice; they all are bad,
"The witty wanton, and the gay are mad,
"The grave intriguing, and the church-going dame
"Veils with religion's maſk the deed of ſhame:
"Bring to the proof—the chaſteſt, you can find,
"Behind night's ſable curtain will be kind."

Peace, profane wretch! Be this thy conſtant curſe
To think all faulty, and to find ſome worſe;
Dead to that nameleſs, that bewitching grace,
Which charms in FLAVIA ſpite of FLAVIA's face,
May never thy dark ſoul, averſe to day,
From female worth admit one chearful ray;
Each gloomy thought attain one black event,
Spring from diſguſt, and die in diſcontent.

The

The man, whom love's ſoft muſick cannot fire,
(In ſweeteſt uniſon when young deſire
Plays on the pulſe, and vibrates to the heart)
Is formed to act ſome truly treacherous part;
What manhood ſhudders at, ſome damned thing;
His country ſell, aſſaſſinate his king:
Truſt no ſuch villain; dead, O Love, to thee,
Let him be baniſhed from ſociety.

The callous wretch, who views with equal eye
Beauty's keen glance, and foul deformity;
Views STELLA's worth, which, of ſuperior kind,
Gives form expreſſion, and adds grace to mind;
Makes beauty uſeleſs, vain the pride of dreſs,
Where art is nature, nature lovelineſs;
Whoſe eye, the ſweet interpreter of ſenſe,
Beams the ſoft language of benevolence:
Alike untouched, if ARABELLA move,
Circled by every little laughing love,
Born of her ſmiles, and playing round her waiſt,
That ſeat of elegance, that ſoul of taſte;
Or, if GANGRILLA's frozen frame advance,
Dragging her lank limbs through a lifeleſs dance:
Untouched, if EMMA, beauteous EMMA ſhine,
The living portrait of a hand divine;
Where delicacy fills the finiſhed whole,
Softens each paſſion, and ſubdues the ſoul;

Where

Where ſhape is ſenſe, where dignity is eaſe;
The wretch, whom ſuch perfection cannot pleaſe,
Nature abhors;—a man but half confeſt,
A ſhade—ſhe ne'er ſtamped man upon his breaſt.

There are of happier mold, whom nature loves,
And ſympathetick to her touch approves;
Who feel, unfettered from the golden chain,
(Like STERNE) a gloomy interval of pain:
Whoſe honeſt ſouls expand at woman's name;
Catch from OPHELIA poor OPHELIA's flame;
Suffer in DESDEMONA's deadly ſcene;
Or ſoftened, ſigh with injured IMOGEN.

Oh, matchleſs SHAKESPEARE! thine it was to know
The worth of woman, and the joys that flow
From her ſoft excellence; 'twas thine to tell
Thoſe charms, which none ſhall ever draw ſo well;
Lectures, like thine, pierce every mortal part;
Strike at the head, and never miſs the heart;
Chaſtize the paſſions, and exalt the ſenſe
To nobleſt deeds of high beneficence;
Throw open bounty's hoſpitable door
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry poor;
Teach yet delight, nor half ſo ſoon forgot,
As ten dull preachments on—*the Lord knows what.*

View woman's merit in domeſtick life;
Nor bluſh to find that merit in a wife:

Needleſs

Needleſs it is on ſuch purſuit to roam;
Confine the view; the treaſure is at home.

Hath pride's oppreſſive arm the morſel ta'en
From thy poor children, all thy labour's gain;
Hath fortune fled thee at thy greateſt need;
And ſent an alien on thy flock to feed;
Hovering with raven-pinions o'er thy head,
Hath ſickneſs ſtretched thee on her painful bed;
In thoſe ſad hours, when anguiſh racks the joints,
And conſcience, every pang ſhe fixes, points;
When joy is madneſs, ſenſe abſurdity,
With life diſguſted, yet afraid to die;
Hath no kind guardian angel ſtepped between
Thy ſtruggling ſoul and death; — at ſuch a ſcene
Abaſhed, appalled — when, mirth and humour dead,
Friends of thy healthful hours, all falſely fled;
Hath no kind ſiſter, no fond faithful wife
Hung o'er thy fate, and trembled for thy life?
In love's ſoft accent, pity's ſoothing ſtrain
Revived thy fainting ſoul, diſpelled its pain;
In each ſoft feature didſt thou never know,
Read in each look, a tenderneſs of woe
Surpaſſing man's rough heart? Didſt never ſee
Friendſhip divine in female ſympathy
Glow with thy joys, with thy diſtreſſes bleed?
NO! — Then thy fate hath been ſevere indeed:

Sleep

Sleep on through life, unfiniſhed as thou art,
Unknown the firſt beſt feelings of the heart.

Swoln with falſe proweſs, woman's power we brave,
Or vanquiſhed bend her beauty's abject ſlave;
Faſhioned by fancy's ornamental hand,
The fair with more than mortal ſway command
Our homage; ſtraight, we raiſe them to the ſkies,
Pour incenſe forth, bid holy altars riſe;
Then ſick of worſhip, we apoſtates turn,
Throw down our idols, and their godhead ſpurn;
Abjure our plighted faith, and folly bit,
In modern blaſphemy diſplay our wit.

Prone to extreme, and ever proud to ſtray
From calm contentment's unfrequented way,
Man is at beſt a contradiction ſtill;
Paſſion 'gainſt reaſon, judgment againſt will:
Now LILIPUT is all his taſte, and *that*
Is coarſe, and *this* indelicately fat:
Lo, the next moment ſtranger whimſies ſeize,
Nothing but oppoſite exceſs can pleaſe:
" Give me, ye Gods, a BROBDIGNAGGIAN's charms!
" And let a rich luxuriance fill my arms!"

When whim perverts the judgment, when the choice
Depends on humour's, not on reaſon's voice;
When knaves extol (where men of worth object)
And magnify, as beauty, groſs defect;

When

When fools adore, what ſenſe diſdains to approve;
It may be paſſion, but it can't be love.

Senſe ever cultivates with ſtricteſt care,
What may embelliſh, yet exalt the fair;
With exquiſite addreſs ſhe aims to blend
The elegant companion, faithful friend;
Gives to man's ardent wiſh the accompliſhed fair,
And life is robbed of more than half its care.

Joy of thy heart, and glory of thy head,
Nurſed on thy knees, and in thy boſom fed,
For whom affection bore the toil of years,
Hope's anxious care, and care's diſtracting fears,
Hath thine own child — (Forbid, indulgent heaven,
That ſuch a trial be to manhood given!)
Hath thine own child — the ruffian's baſeſt part,
Stabbed with ingratitude a father's heart,
A mother's too; — with ſhame, with ſorrow wild,
Her ſoul ſtill hovering o'er the unnatural child,
Cruſhed with the ſtroke, unequal to the ſtorm,
She ſinks into thine arms, a lifeleſs form;
Speak to her griefs, diſpel that deadly groan,
By healing her afflictions, eaſe thine own:
She lives; — ſhe yet preſerves the golden tie,
That binds mankind in heaven born charity:
Reclaims the penitent his courſe half run,
Reſtores to life and love, a better ſon.

These are the soft sweet ecstacies of grief,
On life's high-coloured canvas fine relief;
The best instruction that to man is given
To relish earth, yet raise his thoughts to heaven;
The smiles of fortune dim the human sight,
But when she frowns, we read ourselves aright.

Warmed by the fair, each storm we bravely meet,
Drink fortune's bittersest cup, and think it sweet:
Yes, 'tis from woman these high blessings flow,
To her this fortitude of mind we owe;
Yet her best fame unnoticed, or unknown
Pass by, while to the clouds we lift our own.

Be silent, envy! Is it not enough,
The best are made of perishable stuff;
The fairest fade? why then curtail their day,
And hasten by detraction their decay?

Go, view the tombs, where low in dust is laid
The young, the beautiful accomplished maid:
Lost are those charms, which monarchs might adore,
Closed are those eyes, that bosom beats no more,
Cold is that fragrant lip, and mute that tongue,
On whose sweet melody enchantment hung:——
While pride is humbled, while affection's grieved,
Hear the muse faintly whisper,—DAPHNE *lived.*

Is ſhe forgotten then? — ſhall time's controul
With black and baſe oblivion ſtain my ſoul?
No! — that loved image neither time nor place
Shall, while remembrance profits me, efface:
There ſtill ſhe lives, there each exalted charm
Which gave expreſſion to that matchleſs form,
Wakes every thought, and wings them to the ſky
In full aſſurance, — DAPHNE *cannot die.*

Woman, let rapture dwell upon the name!
Warm from the heart, and faithful to its flame,
Let honour's hand portray the lovely line;
Where virtue ſpeaks the workmanſhip divine!

See, good AMANDA, now no more a bride,
Too ſoon the knot, that ſacred love had tied,
By death diſſolved, in beauty's higheſt bloom
Bends in ſoft anguiſh o'er ALPHONSO's tomb;
While memory brings afreſh thoſe ſcenes to view,
Which winged with happineſs too ſwiftly flew:
In vain doth HYMEN woo the fair again,
Levels a ſecond pointed ſhaft in vain;
HENRY and EMMA her whole boſom ſhare,
The ſtripling comely, and the maiden fair;
In this AMANDA ſees herſelf revive,
In that ALPHONSO's manly graces live;

For both ſhe lives: — and well the lovely pair
Requite with gratitude a mother's care.

Where ſhall we find ſuch exemplary worth
Among the ſtronger prouder ſons of earth?
See we not theſe, as paſſion blows the gale,
Down the ſwift tide of faithleſs pleaſure ſail?

Say, thou HIRSUTUS, was it kindly done,
Blind to the merit of ſo good a ſon,
Thyſelf now tottering on the verge of life,
To take the baſe NARCISSA for a wife?
Was it well done, obſequious to the pride,
And boundleſs avarice of ſo mean a bride,
To drive the noble youth abroad to roam,
And earn that bread, which thou deniedſt at home?
Sinks not thy ſoul, when fame's fair annals tell,
How gallantly the blooming hero fell?

To baffle prejudice, and love create,
By ſtrong example to give judgment weight,
Strike ſlander dumb, check envy's hateful rage,
Hiſtory unfolds a plain tho' partial page:
Where, proudly noticed in her ſplendid line,
Heroes, male heroes, in ſucceſſion ſhine;
(For he, who fartheſt plunged in human blood,
Upon the liſt of worthies higheſt ſtood)
There, burſting from beneath time's awful ſhade,
The worth of woman hath itſelf diſplayed.

When

When Rome's proud turrets trembled to their baſe,
And liberty to luſt of power gave place;
When luxury ſat guttling at the helm,
And popular diviſions rent the realm;
The brave, that with her freedom loſt his life,
Won deathleſs fame, ſcarce known his braver wife.

Turn back the eye to Carthage' laſt ſad ſcene,
When ſlaviſh ASDRUBAL forſook his queen,
Forſook his infants, and his few firm friends,
To court the ſhame, that cowardice attends;
To ſave his worthleſs life, and ſhun that flame,
Which wrapt in immortality his dame.

Yet, why unfold the muſty rolls of time,
Merit's the growth of every age and clime;
Tho' by a thouſand ſtorms the plant's oppreſt,
And moſt, diſcovered in a female breaſt:
Largely we cenſure, what we cannot love,
What we ſhould praiſe, we ſparingly approve.

Various their virtues are, nor leſs their power
In calm retirement's unmoleſted hour,
When ſocial converſe baffles every ill,
Gives life new reliſh, gilds the bitter pill;
Or when affliction ſends her weeping train
With all the fatal family of pain;
When man's ſoul ſickens; — when, with gloom o'ercaſt,

His

His jaundiced eye broods o'er the bitter paſt,
Anticipates the future;—loſt in care,
When hope is blaſted by the fiend deſpair;
Love intervenes to ſmooth the rugged ſcene;
What ill can wound, when love ſhall intervene?

Let us not then againſt the ſex inveigh,
But merit with their failings fairly weigh;
We cenſure woman for caprice and pride,
Hath men no foibles juſtice may deride?
Look through him well with truth's impartial eyes,
Follies he hath, and of a larger ſize;
That, which diſhonours one, brings ſhame on both;
Folly was ne'er confined to female growth.

Of many, that come ruſhing to our view,
To give but one trite character its due:
VENTOSO bleſt beyond his hopes with health,
With power, with honours, and with plenteous wealth,
Plenteous in friends of courſe; his word, his ſacred word,
However unaccountably abſurd,
Becomes a law—his wit muſt ſterling be,
Tho' from the foul mouth of obſcenity.

View him this hour, his tongue, his eye impart,
The envied bleſſings of a happy heart;
View him to-morrow—the gay dream is o'er,
Health, power, and affluence, ye can pleaſe no more;

Down

Down ſinks his heart, — Joy blooms not on his face,
Care and deſponding ſorrow take their place:
Haply from fortune's hand ſome wayward blow
May ſtrike his ſoul, and give him up to woe;

Some dire diſtreſs his private peace may rend;
Some damned treachery in his boſom friend —
A faithleſs wife — or, Oh! that keener curſe
Of thankleſs children wring his heart — or worſe;
(If to the wretched fate itſelf can give
To taſte a worſe calamity, and live)
Perhaps — Ah no! the pang of ſuch diſtreſs,
Time might eraſe, or patience render leſs;
VENTOSO's ſad diſeaſe admits no cure;
His only lemedy is to endure:
A ſudden cloud o'erwhelms his brow — For why?
A ſudden cloud had firſt o'erwhelmed the ſky:
Lo, yon black ſtorm comes lowering o'er his brain;
What thinking head can ſuch a load ſuſtain?
You ſmile contempt, my friend; — that ſmile forbear;
VENTOSO's temper is the atmoſphere.

To mend his health, at leaſt to mend his breed,
This day, ſo Fate or PHILLIS had decreed,
VENTOSO ſhall the ſweets of wedlock ſhare;
Now at the temple waits the blooming fair:
He roſe, he dreſt him with the dawning day,
Looked blithe as HYMEN, for the ſun looked gay;

But

But—" Oh, theſe elements, and thou falſe wind,
" Shifting ſo oft, aſide, before, behind,
" And boding now nor good to man, nor beaſt,
" Perverſely ſettled in the fatal eaſt!
" Marry, or hang—VENTOSO cannot come:"
He breaks his word, and ſtays to mope at home.

Not all thoſe ills, of peace and plenty born,
Which laugh demure philoſophy to ſcorn,
Which mock at art, nor yield to reaſon's laws,
But make religion's ſacred ſelf to p[illegible]iſe;
Not one diſeaſe, that rends the heart or head,
By ſloth begotten, or of luxury bred
To tear each membrane, and diſtort each limb,
Creates ſuch anguiſh, as fantaſtick whim;
Parent of affectation, and falſe taſte,
Spleen ill-conceived, and benefit miſplaced;
She, full of fancied ills, and fond of freak,
Makes the weak wretched, and the wiſeſt weak.

Ye Belles, that are, and ye, that would be brides,
Oh, baniſh from your hearts the faithleſs guides;
Drive them with all their bauble[illegible]ar away
With *Fribbles* out of petticoats to play:
Ye, whoſe exalted pleaſure is to pleaſe,
Shun affectation;—ſhun that foe to eaſe,
That foe to elegance, whoſe foppery
Baffles the brilliance of the brighteſt eye:

Fools

Fools only are thus cheated; for the wiſe
Look through the maſk, and all its tricks deſpiſe:

Pant not for general ſway;—ſhe rules the beſt,
Who conquers one, and makes one conquered bleſt:
Leave to *Coquettes* the graces of a day,
And cheriſh thoſe the moſt, which leaſt decay;
So, ſhall ye charm, when beauty charms no more;
When reaſon rules, where paſſion ruled before:
The flaſh of wit with judgment's finer flame,
Shall innocently play, yet pleaſe the ſame:
Eternal bleſſings on your ſteps attend,
And friendſhip ever be the female friend;
Unfading love ſhall grace your ſetting ſun,
And age maintain the conqueſts, youth had won.

F I N I S.

The following New Books to be had at JOHN COLLES's (No. 65.) the corner of *Temple Lane, Dame-Street.*

THE Clergyman's complete Account Book for the gathering of his Tythes; ruled in the following Manner, firſt Column, Townlands and inhabitants; ſecond, Quantity and Quality of Tillage, &c. third, Value for the Sum ſet for; fourth, the Sum received; and, laſtly, Obſervations on the whole. As this is the firſt of the kind which has ever appeared in Print, it is hoped, from the Utility of it to Proctors and others, in the regularity of gathering of Tythes, it will meet with the greateſt encouragement, as it has met with much from thoſe who have already ſeen it: Any Gentleman may have any quantity done up in a book, that he thinks ſufficient for the extent of his living.

A Father's Legacy to his Daughters, by John Gregory, M. D. Price 6d. h.

A Comparative view of the State and Faculties of Man compared with thoſe of the Animal World, by the ſame Author. Price 2s. 8d. h. bound.

Lady

NEW BOOKS, &c.

Lady Ruſſel's Letters to her Huſband, and ſeveral of her Friends. Price 3 s. 3 d. bound.

The Principles of Politeneſs, and of knowing the World, by the late Lord Cheſterfield: Methodized and digeſted under diſtinct Heads, with Additions, by the Rev. Dr. John Truſler. Price 1 s. 1 d.

Said COLLES has juſt imported a large Quantity of Engliſh COFFEE, proved beyond doubt to be the greateſt Reſtorative ever yet found out; adapted to both Sexes, all Ages and Conſtitutions: drank for breakfaſt, and in the evening in common as Tea or Coffee, it is inconceivable how eaſy, ſoft, ſmooth, and pleaſing it is; not only ſerves for drink, but is nouriſhing (as food) to the moſt weak and delicate Conſtitutions. Price 2s. 8d. h. per Canniſter, with proper directions.

BRITISH
4 AP 82
MUSEUM

35